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A GLOSSARY
TO "BY-GONE HOURS."

A

GLOSSARY

TO

"BY-GONE HOURS,"

BY

DRY NURSE.

CANTERBUBY:
HENRY WARD, 8, MERCERY LANE.
1843.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE REV. CHOLMELY EDWARD DERING, A.M.

Rector of Pluckley, Kent: a Prebendary of St. Paul's, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary, and the Author of "By-gone Hours," I dedicate this book; and I sincerely hope that, if the Rev. gentleman does me the honor of reading "The Glossary," it will give him as much pleasure as the perusal of "By-gone Hours" afforded me.

I have a two-fold reason for publishing "The Glossary."—First and foremost, (as I mention in the Introduction) I wished to rescue Mr. Dering's

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poems from an unjust and undeserved obscurity. But besides that, (I hope laudable,) object, I am anxious to induce, if possible, other Poets of Mr. Dering's caliber, if such there be, to cast off their native modesty, to throw aside their natural diffidence, so inseparable from true genius, and no longer "wasting their sweetness on the desert air," to delight the literary world with their poetic effusions. This "Glossary," I say, will, I hope, tempt others to follow Mr. Dering's good example. We are sadly in want of something new in the poetic line now-a-days; at least we *were*, till the appearance of "By-gone Hours." That book, I do not hesitate to affirm, without fear of contradiction, is a decided *hit:* it has not its fellow in the annals of poetry. Poeta nascitur, non fit," so says Horace; and Mr. Dering is a living proof of the justice of that observation; no education, no labour, no study, could have produced "By-gone Hours," had not the author been *by nature a Poet!* Let none therefore despair: let not false modesty prevent those, who feel the war of poetry

within, from bringing into life and light, the offspring of their poetic imagination; let them not stifle the cries of their literary bantling, at its birth.

Monomania is a fashionable complaint. It often leads to ill, but sometimes to good. Mr. Dering is a happy example of the latter result. Mr. Dering is a *Poetic Monomaniac*, and his "By-gone Hours" is *the climax*. Having, unfortunately, *no ancestors*, from whose *treasured sayings to quote a farewell*, I must be content to conclude with the following motto, borrowed from one of our nobility:—

"Prend moi, tel que je suis."

DRY NURSE.

INTRODUCTION.

The only apology I have to offer for this (by courtesy) poetical effusion being let loose upon the public, is a good natured wish to, (in homely phraseology,) "help a lame dog over the stile."

From several conversations I have lately had with literary men, I have been led to suppose that "By-gone Hours" are not properly appreciated. Whilst "Boz," "Harry Lorrequer" "et hoc genus omne," are read with avidity, and lauded to the skies, by the vitiated taste of the day, "By-gone Hours" have been suffered to slumber in comparatively undisturbed repose at the publishers. This must not be! Mr. Dering's work deserves a different fate. It requires but to be read by a few

leading men, to at once assume *that place* in our literature, to which it is, by its numerous excellencies, and *great originality*, so justly entitled. I can most truly affirm, that I never saw its like, and never expect to "*see its like again.*" It stands alone! but it is not yet quite old enough to run alone; it naturally at first requires some slight assistance; the hand of affection is necessary to sustain and propel the child. I have always had a leaning towards *modest merit*, especially when in distress; I have, therefore, made up my mind to run the risk of being thought officious, rather than allow "By-gone Hours" to suffer any longer by unmerited neglect. I have endeavoured to point out the many and various beauties, which seem hitherto, most unaccountably, to have escaped the eyes of "a discerning and enlightened public." If I have succeeded in rescuing from obscurity, and shewing in their *proper light*, the many original ideas, felicitous conceptions, and novel poetical executions which abound in Mr. Dering's work, Yea! if by my means, the sale of even *one extra*

number of his "By-gone Hours" is effected, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble and anxiety I have gone through on that Gentleman's account.

DRY NURSE.

London,
March 10th, 1842.

APPENDIX.

Owing to peculiar circumstances, the publication of "The Glossary" has been delayed for nearly a year; I hope, however, that it will make its appearance *in time to fulfil its destiny.*

London,
Feb. 25th, 1843.

A GLOSSARY TO "BY-GONE HOURS."

"I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time
"I poured along the town a flood of rhyme:
"A shool-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame;
"I printed—older children do the same."
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

All hail great Dering! Cholmely Dering hail!
Rector of Pluckley! author of a tale!—[1]
"*Poeta nascitur*," thy "by-gone hours"
Have made me weep with joy, like April showers:

Note 1.—"Author of a poem" would be more correct, but "poem" does not rhyme well with "hail," and although Mr. Dering himself has shewn, both by "precept and example too," that rhyme is not a necessary component part of poetry. I do not feel myself authorized to deviate from the prejudice in its favor. The author of "by-gone hours" may of course take liberties with his muse, which would not be tolerated in "small beer poets" like myself.

I wept with joy, to think that Heav'n had sent
So great a poet to the County Kent.
And afterwards I wept, and thought with pain,
That haply Heav'n might take him back again:
But such a dread calamity, I trust,
Will be averted, if it must, it must.
All I can do, is to devoutly hope,
The God of poetry will guard our Pope.

"Quiet amusement, mirror of my soul."—[2]
Oh Cholmely Dering! these, upon the whole,
"To my own book," these verses seemed the best
I'd ever read—until I read the rest;
And then I thought the others were as good,
And quite as easy to be understood.
And is thy soul reflected in thy book?
Ah me! ah me! I'll take another look.
Oh Cholmely Dering! what a soul is thine!
I see it, sure enough, in every line;

2.—"By-gone hours," page 1 "To my own book,"
"Quiet amusement, mirror of my soul,"

Well may you say you've nothing to conceal,—[3]
'Tis plain you write exactly as you feel.
Thy lines on "Friendship," "Human Life," and death,—[4]
Are so sublime, they took away my breath;

NOTE 3.—Again in the same poem we have,

"With thee I am free to state all I feel,
"Nothing to conceal."

One cannot sufficiently admire the perfect understanding which so evidently exists between Mr. D. and his book, they have nothing to conceal from each other.

NOTE 4.—Page 2, on "Friendship."

"It is to aid a friend in care, in want, or in sorrow:
Thou art liable to all!
To feel, though now happy, it may be even to-morrow,
Thy turn to meet thy fall."

In the same page, on "Human Life."

"Oh full of care, of toil, of pain, and sorrow,
'Tis well we cannot be sure of to-morrow;
Sufficient for the day is the evil there,
To bow down and darken man's heart with despair."

Again, page 3, on "Death."

"Oh, feared of those whom power and wealth combine,
To make the selfish dread this sting of thine;
The poor man's friend, the rich man's horror thou,
The end of pleasure, and of misery too."

Touched to the heart, I scarce could choose but
weep,
And musing o'er their beauties—fell asleep.
I dreamt, 'twas but a dream, that thou wert by,
Poetic fervor flashing from thine eye;
In thy left hand, thy book of poems shone,
And in thy right, a half-gnawed mutton bone;
The stamp of genius mantled o'er thy brow,
At times, I almost think I see it now:
Thy clothes were thread-bare, and thy person wan,
I marked no more—you smiled, and thus began:

The reader will not be astonished, after attentively perusing these three poems, at the effect they had upon me; I scarcely know which I prefer, but I am rather inclined towards those four simple touching lines on "Death," the *peculiarity* of Mr. D's rhyme is also more apparent in the two last lines of that ode than in the others; yet still the wretchedness and misery of this life so beautifully expressed in the lines on "Human Life," is perhaps equal to anything we have on "Death"; one scarcely knows which most to admire, the *novelty* or *truth* of Mr. D's sentiments. The two first lines on "Friendship" are perhaps at first sight a *little* obscure, but when you *do* understand them, I feel sure they will repay you for your trouble. It is evident Mr. D. has a soul above the usual foolish prejudice which exists against tautology.

"But six short months have passed young man, since I,
"(Pressed by my friends,) attempted poetry;
"I then was sleek and comely to the sight,
"My appetite was good,—I slept at night,
"The raging fire of poetry within,
"Has since burst out, and made me very thin:
"I have not time to brush, or comb my hair,
"And as to sleeping, Sir, I do declare,
"Upon the honor of a man, and poet,
"That if I sleep at all, I never know it.
"For though it may seem strange, yet Sir, believe me,
"These 'By-gone Hours'—I'd scorn, Sir, to deceive ye—
"This very book, this mirror of my soul,
"Which portrays feelings quite beyond control,
"First saw the light as half asleep I lay,
"In calm enjoyment on a summer's day,
"Dinner was over, and I somehow thought,
"I had eaten more than perhaps I ought.

"But 'twas not that which made my clothes feel tight,
"And flushed my face, and banished sleep at night,
"'Twas 'by gone hours!' fast struggling into life
"The war of poetry within was rife;
"Sudden I started! sought for pen and ink
"And wrote with ecstacy—pray what d'ye think?
"'*To my own book*, those were the words I wrote,
"Well may a mother on her offspring dote,
"My book! my own!! my very own!!! my child!!!!
"My first, perhaps my last"—you sighed,—I smiled,
"Think not," you added with stentorian voice,
(My smile had roused you,) "I repent my choice."
"It may be true that I am somewhat thinner,
"I cannot sleep—I have no time for dinner.
"But would you place such wants in competition,
"With all the glories of a fifth edition?
"Would you compare such low and grovelling habits!

"As sleeping well! and eating hares and rabbits !
"To all the high and noble aspirations
"Which swell my bosom ? future generations
"Shall honor with applauses loud and long,
"The poet's genius, and the child of song;"
You paused—"such thoughts," I cried, "are very pleasant,"
"I only wish they'd praise you more at present,
"But jealousy and malice have combined,
"To treat you in a way that's quite unkind.
"And tho' you may'nt believe it, I assure you
"I've heard some people say, they can't endure you.
"The sweetness of your style, your greatest charm,
"They call insipid—pray good Sir ! be calm !
"They say your very thoughts are not your own,
"That all are stolen, and not that alone,
"But—that you have not wit enough to feel,
"*Or take advantage of the thoughts you steal,*
"Vile calumny at best, and false as vile,
"For my part, I'm delighted with your style.
"The simple elegance—the calm repose—

"Suited alike for poetry, or prose,
"The burst of feeling, and the depth of thought,
"Which shine through every line which you have bought,
"Have bought! have earned! have gained by deep research,
"Have added, to the laurels of the church,
"Have helped to make you, as the envious know,
"'Mongst men of letters quite a raree show.
"Your lines 'on summer,' 'winter,' 'autumn,' 'spring'—[5]
"Please me almost as much as any thing.

Note 5.—By gone hours, page 4 and 5, on "Summer."

"*Brightest* season of the year,
"Like manhood's prime
"How *brilliant* do'st thou appear,
"Thou *brightest* time!

The ode on "Spring," is equally bright.

"*Bright* time, like early youth's best days,
"To thee we must allow the praise
"Of cheerful thoughts, *bright* hopes, and hours,
"Enjoyed 'midst fancy's *brilliant* bowers,
"The present and future seem for thee
"To flourish alike in *brilliancy.*

"Your ode "on Summer," is so very bright,
"It kept me awake the whole of the night;

On "Autumn," we have a beautiful example of Mr. Dering's unique versification.

"The summer is gone, the pride of the year
"Departing, has left but its memory here,
"Yet still we find much to enjoy just now,
"And the produce of summer is gathering *too*."

Those two last lines, both on account of the sentiments they convey, and their own particular construction, deserve great attention. "And the produce of summer is gathering too." There is really a simplicity, a childlike simplicity, so innocent, so natural in that line, that it is quite refreshing. One is instantly conveyed into the middle of a wheat stubble, two waggons are carrying away "the produce of summer." Men and women, boys and girls, in various parts of the field, "are gathering too," or raking together, the gleanings—and to make the picture more perfect, Mr. Dering himself is standing by, counting the shocks of corn as they are tossed into the waggon, without any reference whatever to tithe—but he looks as though he found "much to enjoy just now."

The last stanza on "Winter," should not be silently passed over, I doubt much if it is to be matched in the whole book:—

"Unless from hope of another spring,
"Which nature has in store,
"A hope for man of *a happier bring*
"Where death is seen no more!"

I am not surprised at Mr. Dering putting a note of admiration at the

"Your book, like the summer, "the pride of the year,
"Has certainly left but its memory here,
"It will never, Oh never, come back I fear,
"Your mind too sublime to be subject to rules
"Of versification,—like Scott, and such fools,
"Pours forth its rich eloquence, rapid and sweet,
"Regardless of metre—regardless of feet,
"Untrammeled by fancies of measure, and rhyme,
"You play your own tune, and you keep your own time,
"Your genius is almost as bright Dering,
"As your *brilliant* odes on Summer and Spring,
"But not so brilliant, at least not quite,
"Are the lines you wrote "on a Summer's night—[6]

end of that stanza. It must be a very happy "*bring*," indeed, "where death is seen no more." I forbear further comment on those lines, I feel that I am not competent for the task; that "*bring*" is quite too much for me."

"By gone hours," page 9.

NOTE 6.—There are only eight lines "on a Summer's Night," which

"And altho' the ode is not very long
"You teach us something in that little song,
"A fact I own I had not thought about,
"'Till you very kindly pointed it out,
"7 'And he died.' Good Heavens! how well expressed,
"And what a deal you have left to be guessed.

by the by, is rather above the average length of Mr. D's odes. However they are very pretty, chiefly about the moon, shewing how capable she is of illuminating the sea, and the forest, and that the best receipt for sad thoughts, is a shadow, or "shadowy tints," that these said shadows "soothe the hearts of those betrayed"—

"And teach by varying light and shade
"How varied is the lot of all."

It is astonishing how unobservant the generality of mankind are, I'll be bound to say that thousands of stupid specimens of humanity wander amongst trees every summer's night in the year, and not one of them have ever guessed at the practical lesson on human life which was going on around them.

Note 7.—Page 6. "And he died."

"What lies here? nothing! a lifeless corpse is nought,
"Praise then of nothing, can only end in nought."

There is matter for deep contemplation in those two remarkable lines. When first I read them, I involuntarily wondered whether it had been "*a happier bring*," or not, for the lifeless corpse.

"Two lines upon nothing, is certainly short,
"And both of them, happily, ending in *nought*,
"'Tis there, where your vigor and talent is shewn,
"Amongst all other poets you stand alone,
"You waste not your words by a grand display
"Of various epithets set in array,
"Oh no, Cholmeley Dering! that is'nt your way.
"[8]Those beautiful lines you have written 'on love"
"With the new, and ingenious rhyme of 'dove,'
"I thought at the time, were the best I had read,
"(Except those you wrote on the man who was dead)
"Oh, well may you say that the passion is strong,
"Too much of it, Cholmeley, is oftentimes wrong,

NOTE 8.—Page 7, "on Love." This passion is very beautifully described by Mr. D. as "conquering the world's victors." It is a new idea, and very happily expressed. He goes on—

"How wild, strong, how lasting and true,
"Are the *effects of you.*"

Pretty, very pretty, but peculiar,—again—

"E'en among birds the widowed dove,
"Dies in unchanging love."

Very sweet indeed, and has the charm of novelty besides.

"Man conquers the world! and then love conquers man!
"Tommy Moore write better than that if you can!
"Your sonnets on memory, every one,[9]
"Are full of amusement, and cheerful fun.

NOTE 9.—Page 15. Reflections on reading "the Pleasures of Memory"—

"Oft in the stilly night the wretched dream of days gone by,
"Of days *unclouded yet by care, and dimmed by misery.*"

To the thoughtless or ignorant there may *seem* to be a contradiction in that last line, but the observant, and those who look below the surface, will at once perceive the truth and strength of the passage, *when they thoroughly understand it.* The last line of the ode runs thus:—

"And life remains one path of care, *that never leads to rest.*"

At first sight, one is startled at the new doctrine inculcated in the above line. We have most of us been taught to believe the direct contrary. We are told that this life is but a life of probation, of trial, of sorrow; that we must not look for perfect happiness here, but if we behave as good Christians, we may hope to enjoy happiness and rest in the life to come; to which *this life leads.* Such I say is the comfortable creed of our Church. And now I will explain the meaning of Mr. Dering's somewhat obscure phrase "life never leads to rest." The word "*rest*" in this instance is not used to denote happiness or enjoyment—it is used in its literal meaning—which according to Doctor Johnson is this—

"The playful vein of satirical wit
"Scorching the spot where it scarcely lit,
"Yet shines thro' thy verse with a touch so light,
"It would not be seen, if it was'nt so bright,
"'The wretched dream,' you dreamt 'of days gone by,'
"By care unclouded, 'dimmed by misery'
"Wretched! and yet unclouded by a care!
"Dimmed; and undimmed! what waggery is there!
"Yet, 'sleep alone,' you say, 'can soothe the soul,'
"Then sleep is not so bad upon the whole,
"Provided wretched dreams do'nt intervene
"The happy present, and the past between,
"But joy, or sorrow, deeds the worst, or best,
"Are all the same, '*life never leads to rest*,'

"rest—sleep, repose, quiet." It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Dering, when he says "life never leads to rest"—merely intended to convey the idea, that we should not be *always fast asleep* in the next world. I flatter myself I have expressed that gentleman's sentiments exactly, by this explanation, and rescued him from the attacks of malicious people, to which the obscurity of the passage might have exposed him.

"This is to all a comfortable creed,
"I'm the more delighted, the more I read.
"I scarcely know which most to admire,
"Your wisdom, or wit; I never can tire
"Or either I'm sure, as long as you write
"Your wisdom so clear, and your wit so bright.
"Tho' hours vainly spent add one pang the more,—[10]
"To all the odd pangs we have felt before;
"Tho' memory ferrets out every one
"Of the foolish things we have said, and done;

Note 10.—Pages 16 and 17. Mr. Dering's "Reflections" seem to be very dismal, for all his odes "On Memory" are of the melancholy order. "The *pleasures* of memory" must be a dead letter indeed to him. There is something cheerful in the beginning of one ode "On Memory," but it finishes as dolefully as its neighbours.

"The light of other days, how bright, how clear,
"Flashes o'er the mind;
"We dream of hours of pleasure once here:
"*What is left behind?*"

What indeed!—a tail sometimes. But I think Mr. Dering has made a slight mistake here; he must have intended to say, "What is left *before*?" as he had already told us of the past, or "What is left behind." "The light of other days," and "Hours of pleasure, were evidently "left behind." He concludes this happy retrospection thus:—

"The warning to most is useless and vain :
"They repent,—and then—they do it again.
"But memory is not always so rude,
"With disagreeable thoughts to intrude;
"The joys! the delights! which have departed,
"The friends once so kind and open hearted!

"Our numbered years have left them but the power,
"*All hope* to sever,
"In sad conviction that each joyous hour,
"*Is past for ever!*"

This is a sad picture of despondency, there is no mistaking the application of it. Poor man! my heart aches for him.

There is a short*ish* ode "On Memory's Latest Power;" it consists of two lines, and here they are—

"Oh memory! in realms of endless misery art thou,
"'The worm that dieth not, the fire unquenched too.'"

So afraid is Mr. Dering of being accused of plagiarism, that he has marked the last line of the two, to show that it is borrowed. The *idea* certainly is so, but the line itself, the peculiar construction and disposition of the words is as certainly original; and I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Dering has a perfect right to lay claim to the parentage. Memory is more lugubrious in those two lines than ever.

"The Lover's kiss! the Mother's gentle smile!
"And soft endearments, in the hope to wile
"The tedious hours of sickness, or the pain
"Of mental suff'ring. Oh! it were in vain
"To picture to one's self a Mother's love,
"Full, deep, and pure; a ray from Heav'n above,
"In mercy lent, to purify the dust.
"*To mark the difference 'tween love and lust*
"With our clay mingled; this divine alloy,
"Creates the love a Mother bears her Boy.
"A love devoid of every selfish thought,
"Pure as the love of Angels: who are taught
"That love in Heav'n. And yet a Mother's heart
"Beats with a *stronger* feeling; 'tis the part
"Belongs to Earth; the hope, the dread, the fear,
"Which Angels feel not. And the burning tear,
"So often shed by mortals, for the loss
"Of the beloved one; when the stiff'ning corse
"Of frail mortality is all that's left,
"To mock the agony of her bereft;
"Bearing the impress of the spirit flown,
"A painted sepulchre of flesh and bone;

"A cold deception, left to waste, and rot,
"*A painful likeness of the thing—tis not.*
"This makes our earthly love so deep, so wild:
"With love like this, a Mother loves her Child."
"But I'm digressing! which is very wrong,
"And keeping you, Sir, standing rather long.
"Once more we'll turn our thoughts to "By-gone Hours,"
"And cull together its poetic flowers.
"But vain the attempt! tho' thy book is small,
"'Tis so full of gems, to review them all,
"'On Woman,' 'On Hope,' 'On a Dog,' on Care,[11]
"Such verses one seldom meets anywhere.
"Pregnant with feeling, thy poetry glides;
"How sweetly it soothes, how softly it chides,

NOTE 11.—Page 40 "On a Dog."

"Man's only friend and guardian too,
"In weal, or woe, still firm and true!"

It is a pity Mr. Dering does not make his odes a *little* longer. I think two lines (of which, in "By-gone Hours" there are several examples) is a sorry allowance to form an ode, or an epitaph. It cannot be that he has no more to say on the subject. The very idea is ridiculous. I wonder what the reason really is!

"How pointed thy wit, yet how kindly dealt,
"So kindly 'tis oftentimes scarcely felt.
"Next appear your divine imitations,
"From the poets of past generations,
"Epodon liber, Horace, Ode fifteen,—[12]
"'Nox erat,' and the pale bright moon was seen,

Page 41 "On Woman."

"Part of creation, truly, yet not least here,
"*Influencing courts and regulating fashions,*
"Queen of our hopes, reward of all our labours,
"Yes! it is Woman."

It is perhaps superfluous for me to point out the beauty of those lines, but I cannot resist from saying a word or two upon their merits. In the first place, taking them together, in a lump as it were, their poetical beauty is very great. "Yes! it is Woman," how prettily this is brought in. Then their duties, their vocation, the object almost of their creation, "Influencing courts, and regulating fashion." What a high calling to be born to! "Influencing courts," is of course "a neat and appropriate" compliment to the Queen; and I am sure Her Majesty will be highly gratified—*when she reads it.*

Note 12.—Page 43. We now come to Mr. Dering's inimitable imitations from Horace, and a very close imitation it is, "Epodon liber" "Ode 15th, Horace." "Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat luna sereno."

A schoolboy would construe the above line thus:—

"It was night, and the moon shone in the calm Heavens."

"Shining serenely in the Heav'ns above,
"To witness Delia's rhapsody on love:
"'So long as ever Wolf shall hungry be,
"'So long as Sailors perish in the sea,
"'I'm quite determined to be true to thee.'"

But schoolboys have seldom any poetry in their compositions, they lack the vivid imagination, and poetical flights of fancy, which so distinguish the Rev. Author of "By-gone Hours." Let us see what he says on the subject—

"The calm pale moon was shining bright
"O'er the earth on a summer's night."

What is a moon without half a dozen epithets? Nothing! positively nothing! "The calm, pale, bright moon" deservedly attracts attention. We are astonished at her numerous attributes: and displaying them *all at the same time too.* Delia takes advantage of this wonderful moon "To witness to her vows of love,"—which are as follows:—

"So long as Wolf, with hunger bold,
"Is hostile to the Shepherd's fold;
"So long as o'er the troubled wave,
"Orion speeds the Sailor's grave;
"Or aspens shake in summer's gale,
"Our mutual love shall never fail."

Who could resist such an accumulation of poetic comparisons; I would

"Ah! happy youth! well may thy passion glow
"With all the fervor of the *rocks below;*
"Well may'st thou fancy like a widowed dove,
"'Not e'en her perfidy can change thy love.'
"Take 'love' from 'Dove'! oh fie! 'twould never do
"To change that good old rhyme for something new;

venture to say that their equal has not appeared in print since the memorable lines to Molly Duster.—

"When goosberries grow on the stem of a daisy,
"And plum puddings roll by the tide to the shore,
"When Westminster water works cease to be flowing,
"Oh then, Molly Duster, I'll love thee no more."

Delia's lover is all on fire at the eloquence of his mistress, and replies thus:—

"My passions glow
"Unskaken as the rock below;
"Not e'en her perfidy can change my love,
"Once felt, as faithful as the widowed Dove."

The pale moon no doubt at that moment illumined the rock with her brilliancy. Mr. Dering evidently thinks that a beautiful idea cannot be too often repeated, and is besides averse to breaking through old customs, for example—page 7, "On Love."

"E'en among birds, the widowed dove
"Dies in unchanging love."

"For all the world those words I'd never part,
"'Dove' rhymes with 'love,' and so does 'dart'
to 'heart.'
"Were you old Charon indeed such a bête—[13]
"To mix together the little and great?

NOTE 13.—Page 48. "Horace, Book 2nd, Ode 14th"—

"O'er the dark wave old Charon bears
"The little and the great."

Whether the comparative size of the good people old Charon carries so unceremoniously away with him, refers to body, or mind, is uncertain, perhaps neither, it is possible that Mr. Dering might intend by "the little" to convey the idea of the poor, the lower orders, in juxta position to "the great;" I say it is possible, but not likely. I am inclined to adopt the literal meaning, as the true interpretation to the passage. "The little and the great" evidently means small and large people. In the same ode is an affecting and most natural burst of sorrow at the separation, consequent on death, between man and tree.

"Yes, thou must leave thy much loved home,
"*Adorned with every tree*,
"Of which the cypress o'er thy tomb,
"Is all that follows thee!"

This is a cause of sorrow, on the approach of death, which perhaps may not have occurred to many of us; for my part I am ashamed

"And you carry them off as sure as fate,
"Without the civility even to wait!
"When my turn comes I must beg if you please
"You will let me take my favorite trees,
"I've only a thousand or so of ash,
"A much better freight than your usual trash,
"My oaks, like my friends, are rather hollow,
"But if they can, have promised to follow,
"And when we get over the river styx
"I'm blessed but we'll plant the trees at old Nic's.
"Yet pause! a warm and dazzling ode appears,[14]
"Away with tombs! and cypresses! and tears!

to say, I had never even given a thought to the misery of being parted from my trees. How happy must those feel who have none. Or whose properties are not situated in a woody country. I shall build a house on Salisbury plain.

NOTE 14.—Page 49. Horace, Book 1st, Ode 30th.

"*Bright* Queen of Cuidos, Paphian ruler,
"Look on cyprus somewhat cooler,
"May other shores thy cares beguile,
"Eyes as *bright*, as sweet a smile;
"Here cupid breathes as pure as vow,
"And the graces shine as *brightly* now,"

The brilliancy of the above lines is too conspicuous to require pointing

"Fair queens and cupids, girls, and graces shine,
"In gay confusion o'er each smiling line,
"With their smiles so sweet, and their eyes so bright,
"These cyprian goddesses haunt me quite.
"The 'man without manners,' a lovely ode[15]
"You must break the stone to find out the toad,
"But the man, like the toad when you've found him,
"Sheds his worth, and his brilliancy round him.

out. They are almost as bright as the odes "on Summer" and "Spring," vide page 4. The warm hearted Cyprians seem to be oppressed by all this brightness, and they pray to their goddess for relief, tho' not in so animated a style as the fishes in the olden time—

"The sun's perpendicular height,
"Illumined the depths of the sea!
"The fishes beginning to sweat
"Cried *hang* it! how hot we shall be!

I hope the Cyprians were not so hot as the fishes.

Note 15.—Page 50. Horace, Book 2nd, Ode 2nd—

"The man without manners is just nothing more
"Than the *colourless* hue of the silver ore."

I wonder what sort of "hue" that is? Mr. Dering, is perhaps, not

" From which I infer that the love of gold,
" Is apt to make people uselessly bold.
" Next from Catullus, imitations,[16]
" In all their wonderful gradations;

aware that " silver ore," or " native silver," (according to mining phraseology,) has a *black* hue, but let that pass; the moral of the ode is good. We are taught that it is better to govern ourselves than the world.

" Yes proud man! to command thine own spirit
" Believe me in truth has far *more in it*
" Than if thy vast empire from pole to pole
" Extended, and thou wert to rule the whole!"

A " vast empire" indeed! but not so much " in it" as " to command one's own spirit." We are also told that the love of gold, like the dropsy, increases by indulgence. The way to cure the dropsy is moreover very quaintly expressed—

" You find out *first*
" The *cause of*, then vanquish the terrible thirst."

This reminds one of Mrs. Glass's famous recipe for *curing* a pig—

"*first catch* your pig, then scald it well, &c."

Note 16.—Page 51. Imitations from Catullus, 66.

" Laura will marry none but me,
" Not if the King himself were hit on,
"Perhaps! but *words of love should be,*
" *On winds, and raging waters written!*"

Oh, Cholmely! Cholmely! this is too bad of you, I wish you well;

"And sayst thou Cholmely! words of love should be
"Writ on the winds! or on the raging sea,
"False man! are these the doctrines that you teach?
"I hope you do not practice as you preach!
"Alas! how many maidens even now!
"Haply may mourn thy all too windy vow!
"Oh, know'st thou not, thou favor'd child of song,
"Such conduct to be very very wrong?
"'I hate! I love!' What both together man?[17]
"Hate what you please! and love whate'er you can!

and have supported you hitherto, to the best of my ability—but really I have a conscience—and upon my word I can not—no! I cannot take your part here. Hang it man! we all like a change, now and then you know, "*under the rose*" but there is *no need to publish it!*

NOTE 17.—Page 51. Catullus, 81.

"I hate, I love, if why? you should enquire,
"I know not, yet I feel it, and expire!"

If I were a Yankee, I might be able "to guess" that riddle, for a riddle no doubt it is, but being only an *unimaginative* matter of fact

"A universal passion holder thou !
"One at a time for most men is enow
"I sometimes think that the lines you writ, on
"[18]Miss Ellen, were meant for S——h B——n,
"But you should not talk of '*nameless graces*,'
"It might raise a blush on ladies' faces,
"And to tell the truth, it was scarcely right,
"To call her a mountain, it was'nt polite.

Britisher; I am in "a pretty considerable tarnation fix! To love, and to hate; not to know why! but to lay down, and die! I give it up! I wish Mr. Dering had given us the solution at the end of the book, perhaps it will be in the *next*, for I understand "By gone hours," is to become *an annual*. In which case, I promise, to contribute an annual "*glossary*."

Note 18.—Page 51. Catullus, 82.

"Miss Ellen's proportions are, I think, somewhat too severely dealt with in the following lines:—

"She wants the little nameless graces,
"Of maids with smaller forms, and faces,
"For though in her each beauty counting,
"'Tis beauty heaped into a mountain!"

We will say nothing of "the little nameless graces," for I make it a rule, never to talk about what I do'nt understand. But I cannot help thinking, that Mr. Dering has been making "*mountains of mole hills*."

"And to say she was 'a heap of beauty'
"Upon my word I think it my duty,
"To tell you, such language is very wrong,
"Now do'nt you be coming it *quite* so strong,
"But in spite of that; give *me* a Dudu,
"*I* like *fat* beauty, whatever *you* do."
The clock struck twelve! at least 'twas on the stroke,
When something—somehow 'woke me—so I 'woke.
The room was dark, the fire, and candles out,
I quickly struck a light, and looked about;
Softly I stole—in each corner peering,
To find, if possible, Cholmely Dering!
I looked into every closet I'd got,
I looked up the chimney but found him not!
Exhausted I sat in my great arm chair,
And says I "Its a dream I do declare,
"And so Cholmely Dering never was here!
"Nor his bone! nor his book! oh dear! oh dear!"
But I was mistaken; for on the ground
Next morning, the nice little book was found;

And several sheets of inky paper
Lay scattered around ! some pens ! a taper !
All that I'd dreamt of—but the man, and bone
Of mutton, were before me, they were gone !
I sent the papers, just as I found them
To Ward, who promptly printed and bound them,
But how the d——l they ever came there,
Scattered all over the floor ! I declare
I know no more, gentle reader, than you,
Tho' my tale seems strange, it is perfectly true,

Amongst the "inky papers" scattered about my room, I stumbled upon one sheet even more inky than the rest. It was torn too! as though there had been a scuffle about it. It was a long time before I could make out the contents, but I managed it at last, and here they are :—

IMITATIONS FROM

CHOLMELY DERING'S EPIGRAMS.

I.—I lived in a cottage quite contented,
'Twas big enough for me ;
A little bit of ground I rented,
As small as small could be ;

I had no superfluous cares,
I was not cursed with riches,
A table and two wooden chairs,
An extra pair of breeches,
Were all that graced my humble cot,
I was content with *sich*,
For I'd the hope the rich have not:
Of dying in a ditch!

II.—When I am dead my gentle friend,
If you have no objection,
I'll wait for you, or else I'll send
And tell you my direction;
For if you no objection have,
I think it would be pleasant,
To lie together in the grave,
Which gapes for us at present.

[19]III.—I'm very poor, and yet I do not grudge
The wealth of those, who ride instead of trudge;

19.—Page 52.—
"I heed not wealth, indeed 'tis *happier far*,
"Content with poverty to *starve out care*."

For I m contented with my humble lot,
And starve quite pleasantly with what I've got.

IV.—If you wish to be thought very wise,
Encourage wrinkles over your eyes,
And hold your tongue, and try if you can
Pass, per chance, for a sensible man ;
For the moment you speak believe me,
The mantle of wisdom will leave thee !

VI.—When Dering dies, I'll build his tomb, as rich as e'er I can,
A precious stone, may haply serve, to immortalize the man.

VII.—I hope when I die,
My friends will stand by,
And rallying 'round,
Shed tears on the ground.

Mr. Dering never misses an opportunity of showing his contempt of riches ; I understand he acted up to those principles (which do him so much honor) at the late commutation of tithes at Pluckley. In the two lines quoted above, that very proper feeling is *somewhat strongly developed.*

[20]VIII.—An honest man and a naughty thief,
Are not alike its my belief.

IX.—Oh wicked man! it makes me very sad,
To think that you should be so very bad:
You ought to die as quickly as you can,
You must not live, you're such a wicked man.

X.—The man who's rich, and yet is mean,
Is very often to be seen;
And no one seems at all to care
When he dies—except his heir.

[21]XI.—The grass that I saw in the meadow to day,
When its cut down, will scarce differ from hay!

20.—Page 53.—

"The strictly honest, and the truly brave,
"Despise alike the treacherous knave."

That is a truism no one can deny, and in fact Mr. Dering's book abounds with these useful and pleasant dogmas. I take it for granted that all *my readers* will be possessed of *at least one* copy of "By-gone Hours," I earnestly entreat them to read with attention the Epigrams, from which the above couplet is taken. I have endeavoured to imitate them as closely as possible, to *rival* them is *impossible*.

21.—Page 54. I cannot refrain from noticing Mr. Dering's two beautiful lines on a Rose :—

And true it is, if you're out when it rains,
All that you get, is—wet through for your pains.

XII.—When my turn comes to die,
How smiling will I go,
(I'll promise not to cry)
With Mister Death below.
And you must do the same,
So go when death doth call,
'Tis better to die game,
Than stay at home and bawl.

XIV.—The love that is feigned, can never be true:
So Dering says—and I think so too.

"The short-lived Rose, before to-morrow's dawn,
"Bereaved of bloom, scarce differs from a thorn."

How true! how simple! how touching! is the moral conveyed to us. You have a favourite rose tree in your garden! A full blown rose is upon it! (probably a cabbage) you visit it in the evening, its perfume fills the air—in the night it rains and blows like mad! at dawn of day you rush to your lovely rose, and into it plunge your nose, but shrieking with pain you start back aghast! blood trickling from your face, for instead of your beautiful flower, you had thrust your unlucky nose into a thorn! *which had grown up in its place during the night!*

XV.—Envy is bad, but like a pen,
It nothing needs but mending,
Its point wants nibbing now and then,
Its own destruction tending;
For like the scorpion, which folkes
Say, lives amongst the Indies,
When envy's finished all its jokes,
It stings itself—and then dies.

[22]XVI.—I once was good, but now I'm bad,
Evil communications
Corrupt good manners in a lad,
And make sad alterations.

22.—Page 54.

"Timon, thou art dead, now say, is light to *thee*
"Most odious, or the darkling shades of *Hell?*"

What a funny question! but this *Epigram is full of fun.* The cause of wickedness is thus described:—

"'Tis from evil examples, so easily had,
"That we learn every sin that is under the sun,
"From companions who teach us to think *it is fun.*"

The termination of the two first lines is peculiar, "*thee*" and "*Hell.*" True, I have not a good ear for music, but to me those words *scarcely* seem to rhyme.

At one time I should ne'er have thought,
Of stealing people's money,
Alas! since then I have been taught
To think it very funny!

XVII.—'Tis strange, that those who write so well,
Are generally vicious,
Byron from all must bear the bell,
In painting sin delicious:
How seldom do we find a man
So skilled in painting virtue,
It looks as grumpy as it can,
As tho' it wished to hurt you.

XVIII.—Sure ne'er was seen such love as mine!
I love although despairing!
I cannot move this heart of thine,
But love on—never caring.
You cannot hate as well as this,
Of that I feel quite sartin,
You may depend 'tis all dear Miss
My eye and Betty Martin!

[23]XIX.—At present good Timon I'm in my own
skin,
But when I jump out, then you may
jump in!

"Finis coronat opus!" who'll deny
This praise to Dering? that faith, will not I!
Hatred or malice may indeed combine,
To cast a slur o'er each poetic line,
Envy may sneer, and critics may deride;
But who shall stop the great, the glorious tide
Of popularity which even now,
Has placed the laurel on the poet's brow!
Poetic shades will blush! if shadows can,
To see the greatness of this wond'rous man!

23.—Page 55.

"*Here Timon I resided once, you know,*
"*But I am gone, and you may enter now.*"

Here endeth Mr. Dering's "*Imitations from Greek Epigrams.*" "Tho' last not least," may most justly be said of those two lines above. Body O'me! but this passes all belief!

And fame will dub thee CHOLMELY DERING, GENT.

THE POET LAUREAT FOR THE COUNTY KENT!!

THE END.

CANTERBURY:

HENRY WARD, 8, MERCERY LANE.

1843.

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